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BOOK REVIEW

Erik Schrader

AVALON

is

Missouri Southern's
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Mark R. Mulik

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John Ford

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COVER ART

BY
MARK R. MULIK

BABYLON

I guess I have some explaining to do. I've thought about ignoring this problem of "Obscenity and *Avalon*." Some of my fellow *Chart* staffers have suggested that I not even "say anything about it." But, I think Chris Quarton would only love it all the more if I didn't mention it. He would think he's won an argument with me. In mid-September, I accepted for publication a short story titled "The End" by Debbie Breshears. That story appeared on page 4 of the Sept. 29 issue of *Avalon*. This story contained several words/phrases which may be termed obscene, including the 'F' word.

Last spring, Mr. Quarton submitted a short story for publication. I'll quote his letter-to-the-editor, which appeared in the Oct. 6 issue of *The Chart*: "...I submitted a story to *Avalon* and was told that it was unacceptable. Why? I was informed that, since one of the characters in the story used profanity in his speech, some readers of *Avalon* might be offended....the story I submitted contained no word which would be considered worse than the 'F' word."

The reasons *Avalon* published Ms. Breshears' story this fall and did not publish Mr. Quarton's story last spring (a drumroll, please) follow.

► I published Ms. Breshears' story, basically, to see if anyone would be offended by the "foul language" it con-

tained. I heard more complaints than compliments about my publishing the story. Strangely enough, a woman named Debbie Breshears (I'm totally serious) is not associated with the College, was offended—not that her name was attached to the story but that it tainted "trash."

► In the spring, we (referring to former co-editor E. Prater and myself) had refused to print anything containing words worse than "damn," "hell," or "crap." I quote one of Mike's columns: "ABSOLUTELY NO SCENE MATERIAL OR MATERIAL WHICH INSULTS IDENTIFIABLE INDIVIDUAL WILL BE PUBLISHED...includes cursing, even if it is an isolated case in your mission..."

► Mr. Quarton's story, as he states in his letter, contained no word which would be considered worse than the 'F' word. But his main character used obscenities heavily. One phrase from Mr. Quarton's story is like a flashing neon sign with obscenities plastered all over it in my memory. I remembered that phrase (which I still refuse to publish when I published Ms. Breshears' story, and will probably remember it throughout my remaining time as editor of this publication.

Mr. Quarton should not take it personally that his story was denied publication, since *Avalon* published an entire short story of his, "Hedonist's Haven," in Volume III, N.

Mark R. Mulik

BOOK REVIEW

BY ERIK SCHRADER
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Story of My Life, By Jay McInerney (Atlantic Monthly Press, 1988), 188 pages, currently only available in hardback, \$16.95

The 80s have been the decade in which the children of the baby-boomers have come into their own. Many of them have access to money that no other generation has had at their age, and the freedom that goes with it has led to an entirely new set of problems. Two writers have reached a certain level of prominence in chronicling this generation's travails.

One is Bret Easton Ellis, author of *Less Than Zero* and *The Rules of Attraction*. The other is Jay McInerney, who after writing *Bright Lights, Big City* and *Ransom*, now presents *Story of My Life*.

Story of My Life is a month or so in the life of Alison Poole, a twenty-year-old, rich girl from Virginia who occasionally goes to acting school while living in New York City. Accustomed to a fairly comfortable existence, Alison's money supply is beginning to run out, but she has become rather adept at figuring out ways to keep her expensive lifestyle afloat.

One of her favorite schemes involves calling a former one-night stand and telling him she is pregnant, settling for half of the abortion costs.

Do not get the idea that Alison is a bad person. Despite some occasional mistakes and her rather hard lifestyle, Alison is basically just a twenty-year-old who is awed by everything she has the freedom, as well as the money, to do.

Characters such as Alison are predominant in the work of McInerney. As in the stories of Ellis, the central characters are people who have had everything accessible for so long that it is no longer special. Going to a movie on a Friday night is just not going to do it for someone whose father is a Hollywood producer. The result is a quest for something that has not been experienced before—a new sensation.

Those not familiar with McInerney may be put in mind of the movie *Bright Lights, Big City*. The book was written in the second person; that is, the main character is "you." This just did not transfer well to the screen. Maybe some of his works ever will—the physical actions of his characters are almost always guaranteed to offend the reader. It is the inner workings, the thinking processes that the characters go through, that make them easier to relate to. The motivations behind this generation's actions are so important that in Ellis's *The Rules of Attraction*, the story is told in the first person by every character.

But back to Alison. She is really a fairly intelligent person—someone who has been instilled with a hard set of priorities. What makes her different from characters in other McInerney novels (other than the fact that she is his first female main character) is her deep knowledge that she is reaching the end of her rope. Her life is going to have to change considerably if she is going to live to see twenty-five.

Her main problem, though, is finding a reason why she should want to live that long. At such a young age, she has a talent for seeing things for the way they are. She looks to her friends, her lovers, and even her sister for some way to rescue her from herself, but only sees a group of people farther gone than she is. The only exception is her brother, Dean, who, ironically, is the only one she hurts—because he is the only one she can hurt.

McInerney has written another fine account of life in the late 80s, but I suspect this book will be criticized in the quarters for its shocking depictions. This work has no "moral of the story," as do most of his works. However, if, like Alison, you want to see the way things are, *Story of My Life* is a good way to do it.



Autumn

I awake one morning
to find red in the sky,
not the red of a crayon, pen, or dye,
when suddenly I notice
the leaves have changed.
What symmetry
Mother Earth does bring.

Walking out in the brisk morning air
I gasp at the beauty and flair
of the multicolored leaf.
In awe, I gently rub
the leaf between my fingers—
wet and warm, tissue thin
like a layer of skin.

As the sun rises and turns yellow,
I lift my head to the sky,
still touching the leaf,
watching the sun dance lights
in the dew-moistened air.
I breathe deeply, eyes
wide and unblinking,
senses reeling,
as I hear nature's clinking chain links
mesh to form the circle of the sun.
Autumn has come.

Beth Stevenson

Brahma

i was in the house of some great emperor king
did i see you there my lovely lady, my princess divine?
surely i must be dreaming
can i touch you one more time?
so many dreams lost, so many dreams past
so many shadows that have been cast
can't i wake or should i sleep?
i wish i could escape with you.
my soul carries me far, but i get nowhere
for it is confined within the limits of my imagination.
and in the expressions of my feelings
a sensuous touch of the immaculate.
awoke in the house of a king whose kingdom is inside
whose love is lost
waiting to be found.

Michael Cummings

Another rainy Monday

Another rainy Monday
Washes away
The leftover splendor
Of the radiant weekend

Another rainy Monday
Subdues the spirits
Of the maverick children
Of Saturday night

Myleah M. Denman

Time limitations

High-tech space-age lazar weapons
Students technicians
Time limitations classifications
Full-time considerations

College-educated street-wise
Surprized frustrated

Riding the newest wave
Hiding the way you behave

Time limitations expectations
Time limitations visitors waiting

Top-secret missions lovers
Inventions discoveries

Filed away tape-recorded
The plans the action
Have been reported
The future has been aborted

They supported her dreams
No matter how lonely
Now her only wish
Is to be given another chance

Mike L. Mallory

Untitled

Phantoms of the night.
Lurk upon the prow.
Running through the night.
Never seen as they hunt.
It's an easy prey they stalk,
A creature called man.

It's a weak creature, this man.
Not knowing the secrets of the night.
Knowing meaningless ways to stalk.
It cannot avoid the prow.
It is not used to being the hunted.
And cannot escape into the dark.

It becomes lost in the dark.
Clumsily, it reveals itself, stupid man.
Simple is this prey, simple is this hunt.
So easy to catch one who so stumbles in the night.
A simple matter to spring from where you prow.
And pounce upon the creature you stalk.

But this hunter waits and continues to stalk.
He will let it trip itself in the dark.
And sit upon the prow.
He will toy with this creature, this man.
Watch it run sightless in the night.
At any time he can end the hunt.

But there comes a time when he tires of the hunt.
Becomes bored with what he does stalk.
Then he will dive through the night,
Plunge through the dark,
And strike the one called man.
This is when he ends his prow.

So when the hunter ends the prow.
He also ends the hunt.
And he ends man.
He will cut deep into the prey he has stalked.
Its blood will run cold and dark.
And what can kill man, 'the master beast,' in the dark of night?

Only one creature, who, in the night, has learned to prow,
And can, in the dark, call man his hunt.
Only another man can stalk and, on its own terms, kill man.

Roger Staggs

The Woods

A walk in the woods
Can be revealing indeed.
Crunching leaves underfoot
Tells of time's sure speed,
And gives us a fertile earth
For life to gain its need.

Whipping winds whistle through
Trees, arms, legs, and hair;
Gusting, then ebbing into nothing
Showing it plays a part here.

Jostle my memory; an October gone
When Someone dear I'd found
Amongst the wood and wind,
The One to whom I'm bound.

I remember that day,
When autumn ruled the mind
And filled the senses in a way
To force the inevitable find.

Marc O. Dubois

Soul song

I have no choice,
I have to sing.
It is a dictate of my soul
That I cannot ignore.
I'd like to share my self
My song with you.
So sing with me,
And you shall see my soul.

Then when my song has ended
Do not mourn,
But share my melody
With someone who
Will sing that song to someone else
Then soon the world shall sing.
And when you hear me everywhere
You'll know my song my soul
Sings of eternity.

Myleah M. Denman

A Pop Above the Rest

an essay by Laurie Evans

The process of making popcorn is not as simple as you would think. That is, not if you take your popcorn seriously, as I do. Modesty aside, I consider myself a popcorn connoisseur. And if you would like to join me, all you will need is the heat (by which you will pop), a good pan with a lid, popcorn, butter, oil, and your choice of toppings. (I will mention my personal favorites later.)

First of all, I would like to mention popcorn selection. Ideally, you will have chosen gourmet popcorn, for we generally want all of our kernels to pop. Some people like the duds, or dead ones, at the bottom of their bowl (as my boyfriend does); it is a matter of personal preference. However, the gourmet popcorn does, indeed, pop fluffier, and I think it tastes better. (Admittedly, it is more expensive, but I feel it is worth it.)

Once you have selected your popcorn, you must pick your pan in which you will pop it. This step is often neglected; however, I have found that a smooth and round-bottomed pan is more desirable. For instance, I use the top section of a two-quart double boiler. It has a smooth, rounded bottom, thus allowing easier shaking during the popping process.

Having selected your popping pan, you are ready to get started. The type of oil used is up to the individual, but you don't want to use too much oil or too little popcorn. In other words, you don't want oily popcorn. Use just a little more oil than what is needed to cover the bottom of the pan, then add popcorn to cover.

With popcorn and oil in pan, you are ready for the actual popcorn popping. Over high heat, shake the pan continually once the first kernel has popped. This will prevent sticking and burning. Immediately after it is done, pour it into the largest bowl available. It should be noted that if you have several people to satisfy, or if you don't have a large enough bowl, two bowls may be needed. Remember, you don't want your popcorn over the brim of the bowl, for the distribution stage I will mention later.

Next, I would like to discuss butter. Although I am aware of the fact that there are a lot of weight watchers out there, it must be said that the use of real butter makes the difference between okay popcorn and great popcorn. It tastes better. Furthermore, diet or not, you cannot be stingy here. For my very large bowl, I usually use two or three tablespoons. Also, it is crucial not to be over, or under, exuberant in this step. If you use too much butter your treat will be soggy and heavy. On the other hand, if you don't use enough, it will be dry (a no, no). So, obviously, the amount of butter you use is very important.

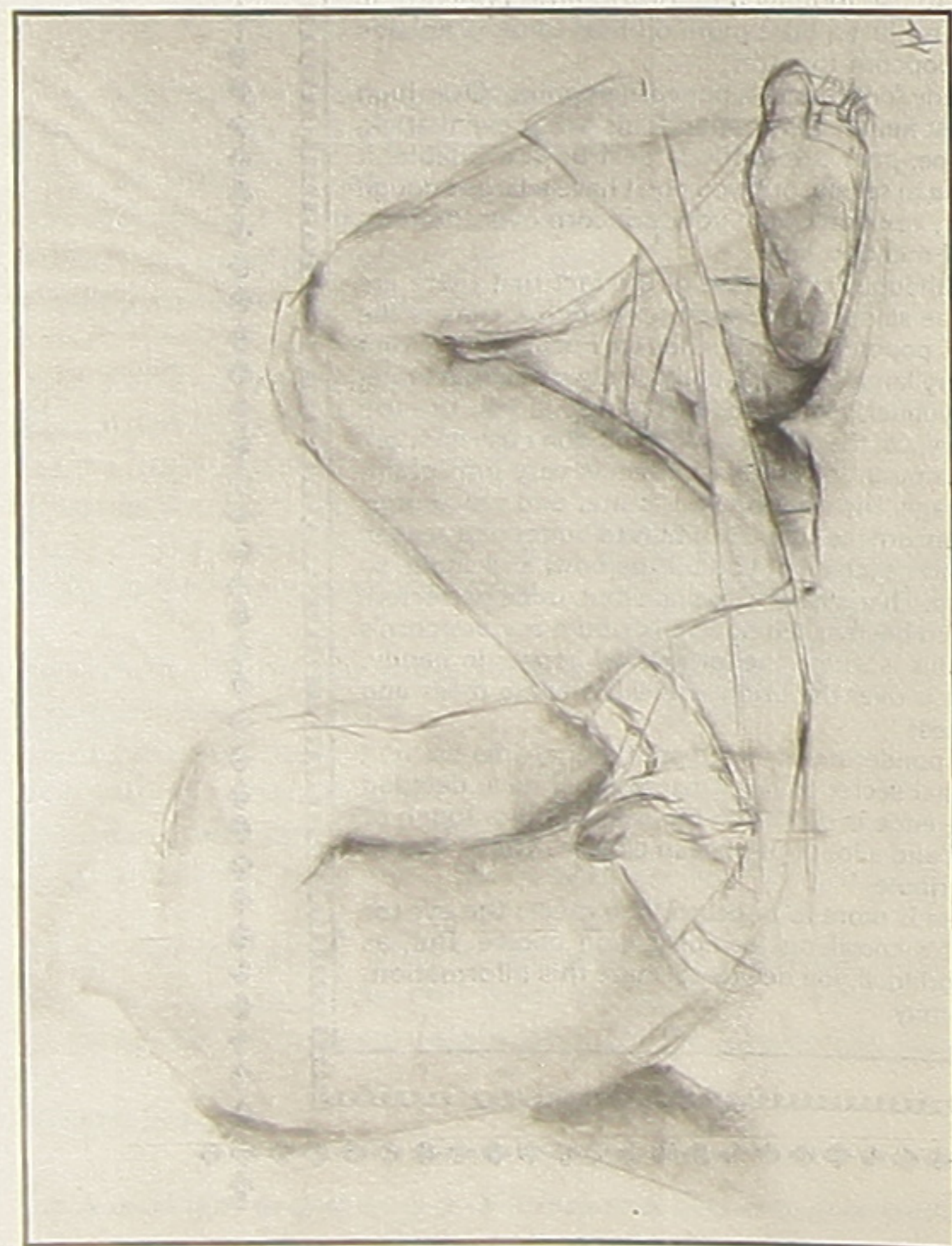
Last, but not least, is the distribution stage. Distributing your butter and seasonings could be the single most important step in popcorn making. My hint is to butter and season in layers, without overdoing any of them. After each layer you tilt the bowl and shake so as to flip the undersides of the popcorn on top. This is hard to explain, but, once perfected, it is a most helpful technique, for I have often been asked how I distribute my popcorn's toppings so evenly. As mentioned earlier, this is where the large bowl comes in handy. If your bowl is too small, or if your popcorn is over the brim, you will make a mess and lose a lot of your popcorn during this process.

To be honest, I must admit that while pondering over the contents of this essay, I was uncertain whether I should share my final secret or not. Unselfishly, I have decided to share (as mother always taught me). The edge is gained in the seasoning: a touch of pepper, more than a touch of seasoned salt, and a lot of parmesan cheese. These should be included in your "seasoning as you distribute."

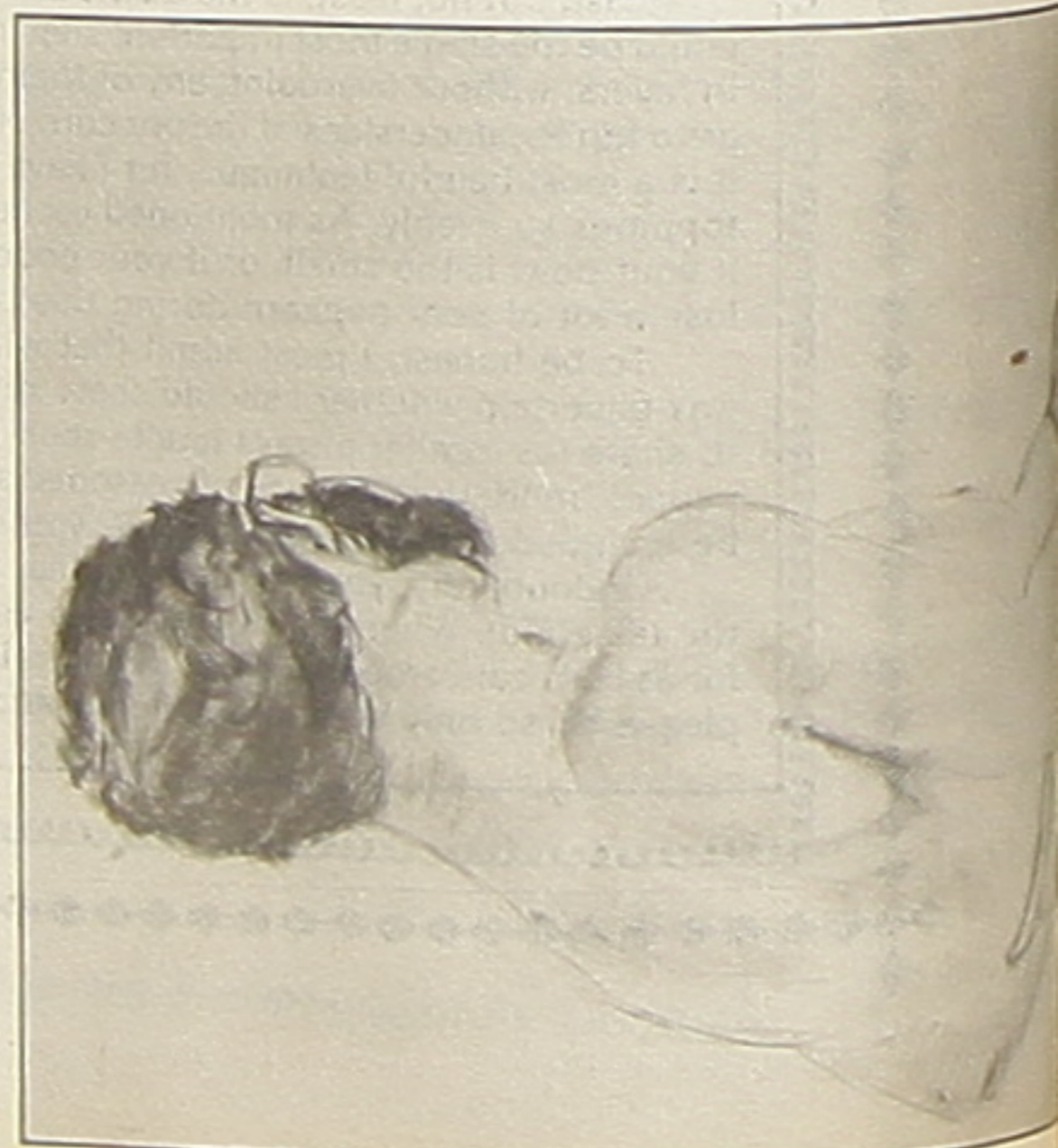
Undoubtedly, you can now see that there is more to popcorn than meets the eye (or the tastebud). Whether you decide to use this knowledge or not is your choice. But, as far as I am concerned, average popcorn is boring. If you decide to share this information, please do so only with close friends and family.



Jackie Johnson



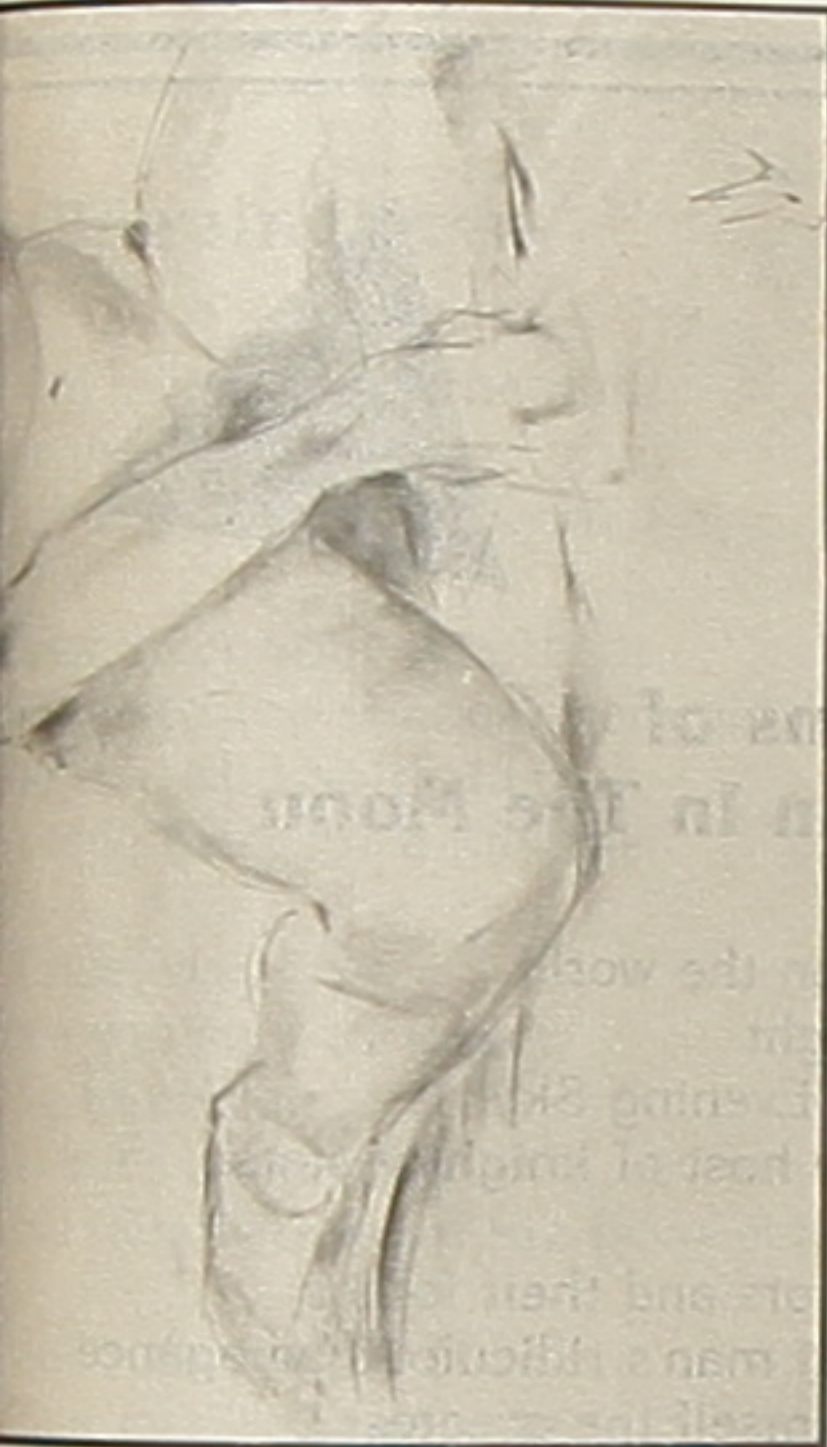
John Morris



THE

U

A



John Morris



Charles Stephens



VIRY



John Morris

John Morris

Is it the same?

Once you reach it,
You're never sure you're there—
To that point or summit
Which you set to be your home.
You can never be sure,
Because, what in Life is?

Though, in storms you've fought;
And your trail's been rough,
To that refuge you ran.
But, when you got there,
And reality had set in,
You were no better or worse.

Why this ambivalence?
Why this unsureness?
You earned your place.
You paid the price, though high.
But, when you're finished,
And your piece has been said,
How different are you from the rest?

Marc O. Dubois

A complaint to my waiter.

Dear fine sir,
I mean not to offend you,
But this dish you have served me,
It is not what I have asked for.
I have tried to bear with your mistake.
But the cuisine is cold and ill-prepared.
Perhaps this is because it was made in haste.
After all, you took only seven days to build this fine restaurant.
And I can see the spotty workmanship of your rush job.
So I suppose I shouldn't expect any more of your precious time,
To be spent on my humble feast.
Yet still, please tell that damn cook,
Lest you and he be one and the same,
That his technique leaves much to be desired.

I tell you this only that you may improve your service.
And not serve some other customer,
As poorly as you have served me.

Roger Staggs

Reflections of The Man In The Moon

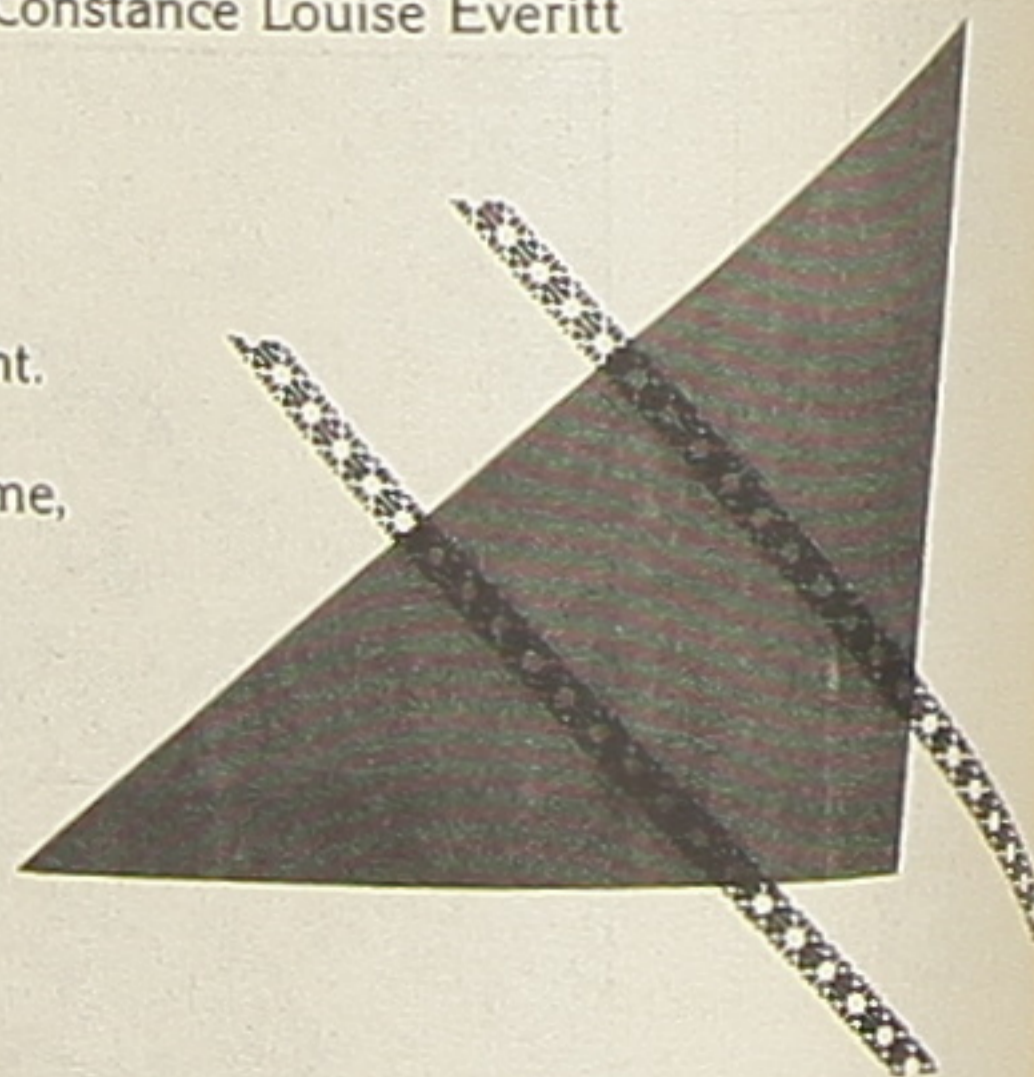
I look down on the world
night after night
Prince of the Evening Sky
attended by a host of knightly stars.

I see their errors and their follies
and wonder at man's ridiculous arrogance
to suppose himself the greatest
of God's creations.

When they know that without
the King of the Sky, they wouldn't last a day
The one created being, that above all others
is required for the continuance of all life.

This source of my light and my beauty
the greatest of the stars,
most powerful celestial being
and most significant of God's endeavors
within the Milky Way.
How can anyone not revere
the sovereign of the sky?

Constance Louise Everitt



Old raincoats

Old raincoats by the door
in the hall
on a coatrack on the wall

I can hear your heartbeat
I can see the shadow from your nightlight
so cold and so distant
I could wait for a lifetime

I fade away
are you sure to forget
It's tomorrow
and it's a workday
old raincoats keep me from getting wet

Still I remember
Your face I cannot forget
I remember the old raincoats
I remember them well

Mike L. Mallory

My Daddy was gone

When I woke up this morning, Daddy was gone
When I wanted him to take me to church, Daddy was gone
When I woke up the other night sick, Daddy was gone
When my mother had to go to the hospital to have
Baby brother, Daddy was gone

Our special Sunday dinner, Daddy was gone
For my High School graduation, Daddy was gone
When I got Married, Dad gave me away
But three men were mad

You see he is a locksmith
Those men had their keys locked in their car
They thought that Dad should have come
But Dad told them, "Not today. You see, my daughter
Is home tonight. Tomorrow she will be gone."

Johnny W. Swanner

Lonely

Why does so much of life have to be
bittersweet?
Why do there always seem to be more sorrows
than joys?
Why is it at the happiest times that we receive
our biggest blows?
The answers to these questions only God knows.

There are dark and lonely times
when I want only to be alone.
It's in these dark times that I crave a walk
in a dark, cold, and windy night.
During these solemn hours I wish for solitude.
Sometimes I feel angry, and sometimes afraid,
but I always feel lonely, yet peaceful—
and I almost always cry.

Nothing brightens the soul like
a smile, but

Nothing cleanses it like...
a tear.

Constance Louise Everitt

Some dream

Thrusting upwards,
Like a shark fin,
Through a cresting wave,
My spirit soars high,
Wide, long, and low—
Through the chasms of
ITS infinite mind.
To touch the lips
Of an angelic light,
And brush 'long side
Of synaptic realms,
Where ITS ideas run
FREE

Marc O. Dubois

Untitled

There is a game we all play and its name is love.
 I am convinced that it really is nothing more than a game.
 And that it is Lady luck's pride and joy.
 It has no set patterns that it follows.
 Nor any true rules either.
 Yet there are those who claim success.
 I suppose that at one time or another we all do.
 But how do we know when we have succeeded?
 How do we know which person to trust with our innermost secrets?
 When time and time again so many prove so unworthy.
 How do I know which person most appeals to me?
 When so many attract my attentions.
 Do we all not merely spin a Roulette wheel,
 And gamble with our minds and emotions?
 Who is worth such risk?
 This is truly a game with no ultimate victory.
 For even the mightiest of its 'masters' have been laid low,
 With but one swift and simple stroke.
 Of all the games I have played (and there have been many),
 This game is the one I could never put down.
 Nor find its hidden secret to winning.
 I only hope to one day earn Lady luck's smile.

Roger Staggs

Anna Mall

Animals, that you are
 You know it not,
 Long gone by far,
 In graves you'll rot.
 "I'll cut your throat!":
 This is what underlies
 Words of your rote,
 One for another's demise.

In wolves of pack
 One fights the other
 The odds will stack
 For the fierce brother.
 One torn all apart,
 In victor's gruesome pride
 Instinctive lives will start,
 While others will death ride.

Marc O. Dubois

POPEYE

SHORT FICTION

BY

BETH STEVENSON

Zoe was in the first grade and was constantly curious. She was always asking her mother questions such as: "Why is a chair called a chair?" or "Why do I have to wear shoes to school? I don't wear them at home." Zoe, unfortunately, rarely received an answer. Her mother was always too busy, and her father was always off to work or something. Zoe was tall for her age—all legs—as her mother said. She had long, dark hair and smooth tan skin. As thin as Zoe was, it was surprising that she had big

round cheeks as soft as peach fuzz. Her golden brown eyes were bright and quick to pick up the tiniest detail. Her mother was fond of dressing her in saddle ox-fords and plaid cotton dresses. Zoe's hand-me-downs didn't rival pinafores and blue jeans, but Zoe never gave too much thought about what she wore, anyway.

Being a middle child, Zoe was free to explore. She developed a great imagination and could turn a pile of feathers into a squawking chicken. Zoe didn't receive much formal education until she started school but learned most of what she knew from watching others and from play. Making mudpies was as terrific as cooking on a toy stove to Zoe. The only problem was that Zoe's mother was constantly scolding her for being dirty or for asking too many questions.

The year Zoe turned six was an eventful one. Shortly after the Christmas holidays, a strange man stopped by the house. He smelled funny and wore tattered clothing. Zoe's mother did not want to let him in the door but was too late in turning him away when her father came into the kitchen booming a welcome. The kids were shooed out of the kitchen while the grown-ups talked a long time.

Just before the stranger left, he called Zoe's older sister, Donna, and her older brother, Henry, back into the kitchen. The three younger children, Zoe, John, and Sheila, hung in the doorway.

"Ifins yous can say the alphabet backards, I'll give ya this here dime," the strange man said as he held out a shiny, new dime. Zoe watched hungrily as Donna zipped through it like she was prepared. Henry had a few problems but managed to stumble through it to the end. He also got a dime.

Zoe couldn't resist and blurted, "If I can do it, will you give me a dime?" She knew he had to say yes.

"Well, sure, honey," the old man said as he bent down to peer closely at Zoe. He had a sour smell that wafted over Zoe and made her cough. Hesitantly, Zoe began, "Z,Y,X...uh...W,U,V,..."

"You ain't doin' it right!" Donna smugly exclaimed.

The old man patted Zoe's head and kindly said, "Next time I see ya, I bet ya does it right." His eyes

danced with kindness.

Zoe sadly watched the stranger walk out of the door. The next week Zoe practiced saying the alphabet backwards until she could say it without hesitation. She wanted to get a dime too. Saturday finally arrived; and Zoe questioned her mother.

"Mom, where does that man live?"

"What man?" Zoe's mother asked without pausing in peeling potatoes.

"You know, that man with the happy eyes."

"What in the heck are you talking about?" Zoe had stunned her mother into stopping her work and turning to look at her.

"The man that was here last Saturday," Zoe replied as if she were speaking with a person hard of hearing. She spoke slowly and a trifle too loudly. "The man who gave Donna and Henry a dime for saying the alphabet backwards."

"Oh, him," her mother said derisively. "You don't want to go messing with him."

Zoe wanted to ask why, yet she knew it would do no good. Instead, she said, "Okay, but where does he live?"

Zoe's mother glanced sharply at her before saying, "In that old shack down at the corner. But don't you go near him, you hear me?"

"Okay, Mom," Zoe said and then added, "Thanks." For the first time, Zoe consciously deceived her mother. She wanted to head straight for the old man's house but was smart enough to wait awhile then call in to her mother, "I'm going down to Debbie's house to play, okay?"

"Okay, but be back in time for supper."

Zoe went straight to the old man's house, which was only a few houses away from her friend's house. The ragged, old man was sitting in the cluttered yard. Zoe stood at the edge of his yard a moment knowing that she would be in big trouble if her mother ever found out. Shaking the thought away, she walked up to the old man.

"Hi," Zoe brightly said.

"Well, what brings you here, little girl?" His eyes lit up as he continued, "Did your Dad send for me?"

"No, he didn't. I came on my own to get a dime." Zoe stopped

at the look of desolation on the old man's face. "You will still give me a dime if I can say the alphabet backwards, won't you?"

Since the old man just sat there looking at her in a way she had never seen before, Zoe rushed through the alphabet without one mistake.

Swiftly the old man's expression softened as he chuckled deeply and said, "Sure, here's your dime. You sure is a smart little thing. Sit down, girl, yous makin' me nervous, standin' there like that." Zoe graciously accepted the dime and eagerly sat on the step next to him. "You sure is a perty little thing, ain't ya?" His fingers lightly brushed her cheeks. The old man gazed at Zoe a while then abruptly turned away.

"What's the matter?" Zoe asked.

The old man laughed rather sadly, "Nothin', girl. Now, what they call you. I can't keep callin' you 'girl' ifins we gonna be friends."

Delighted at the prospect of making a new friend, she replied, "Zoe. My name is Zoe."

Sticking out his gnarled, soot-creased hand, the old man said, "Why, glad to meet ya, Zoe. That's a fittin' name for a girl as perty as you."

"Oh," Zoe gasped awkwardly. She found it hard to accept the compliment as she shyly shook the outstretched hand. "What's your name?"

"Ya juz call me Popeye, ya hear?"

"Sure, but..." Zoe stopped and eyed the old man warily, "but, ah, that's a funny name for an old man, ain't it?"

"Never ya mind, Zoe, it's good enough for the likes of me."

Zoe accepted that, and Popeye pulled an object out of his pocket. He started jiggling it about so that the sun reflected a ray of light on an old Model-T Ford jacked up on blocks in the dirt yard. Zoe realized that he was holding a mirror and looked back and forth between the mirror and the car. Gazing up at Popeye's face in wonder, she asked, "How are you doing that?"

"A little bit of magic, Zoe. Old Popeye's still got a few tricks up his sleeve." Popeye was pleased that he had showed the little-scrap-of-a-girl something. "Yous sure ya don't really know what I's

doin'?" At Zoe's negative nod, he said, "Shucks, you ain't quite as smart as I thought ya was." At Zoe's crestfallen look, he hurried to say, "Now don't go gettin' yourself in an uproar over a little, itty bitty thing as that. Yous smart, yous juz got some holes in ya edycation is all. It's called a *re-flec-tion*," he drawled slowly. "See, the sun shines on this here mirra and the light bounces off onto that ole car. Juz like you see your face in the mirra, and the perty picture reflects back to your eyes." He handed her the mirror and said, "Here, yous try it."

Zoe accepted the little bit of mirror like it was made of the finest crystal. After working it a while, she was able to point the beam of light anywhere she wanted. Her face registered the radiance of her joy. Still, the old man had to ask, "Well, Zoe, what's ya think?"

"Oh, Popeye, it's great. It really is like magic. Thanks a lot for showing me." Zoe was excited at learning something new. Breaking the magical spell, Zoe heard her mother calling for her. She had to get home fast or her mother would spank her if she had to be called again. "Gee, Popeye, I got to go. Can I come back next Saturday?"

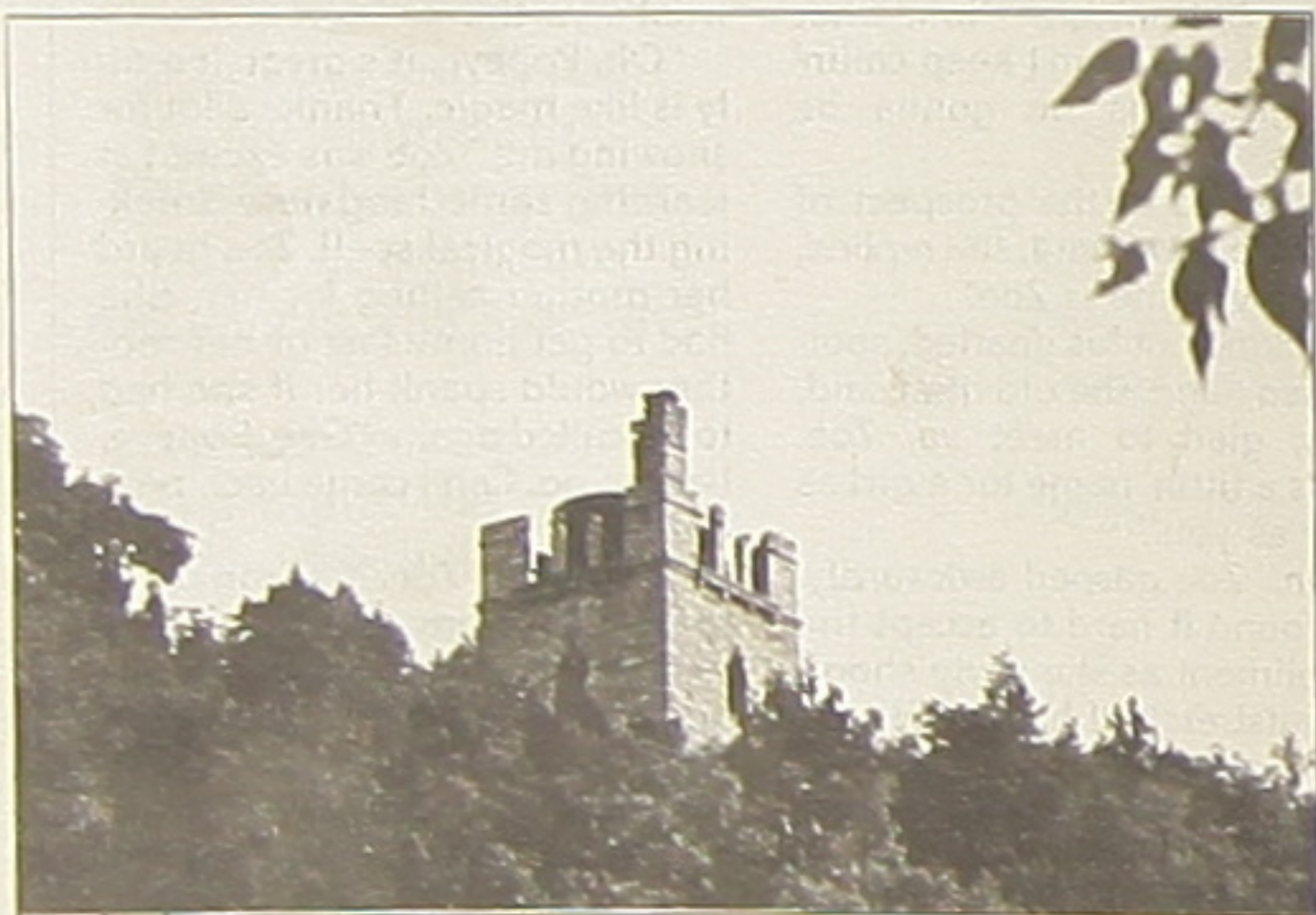
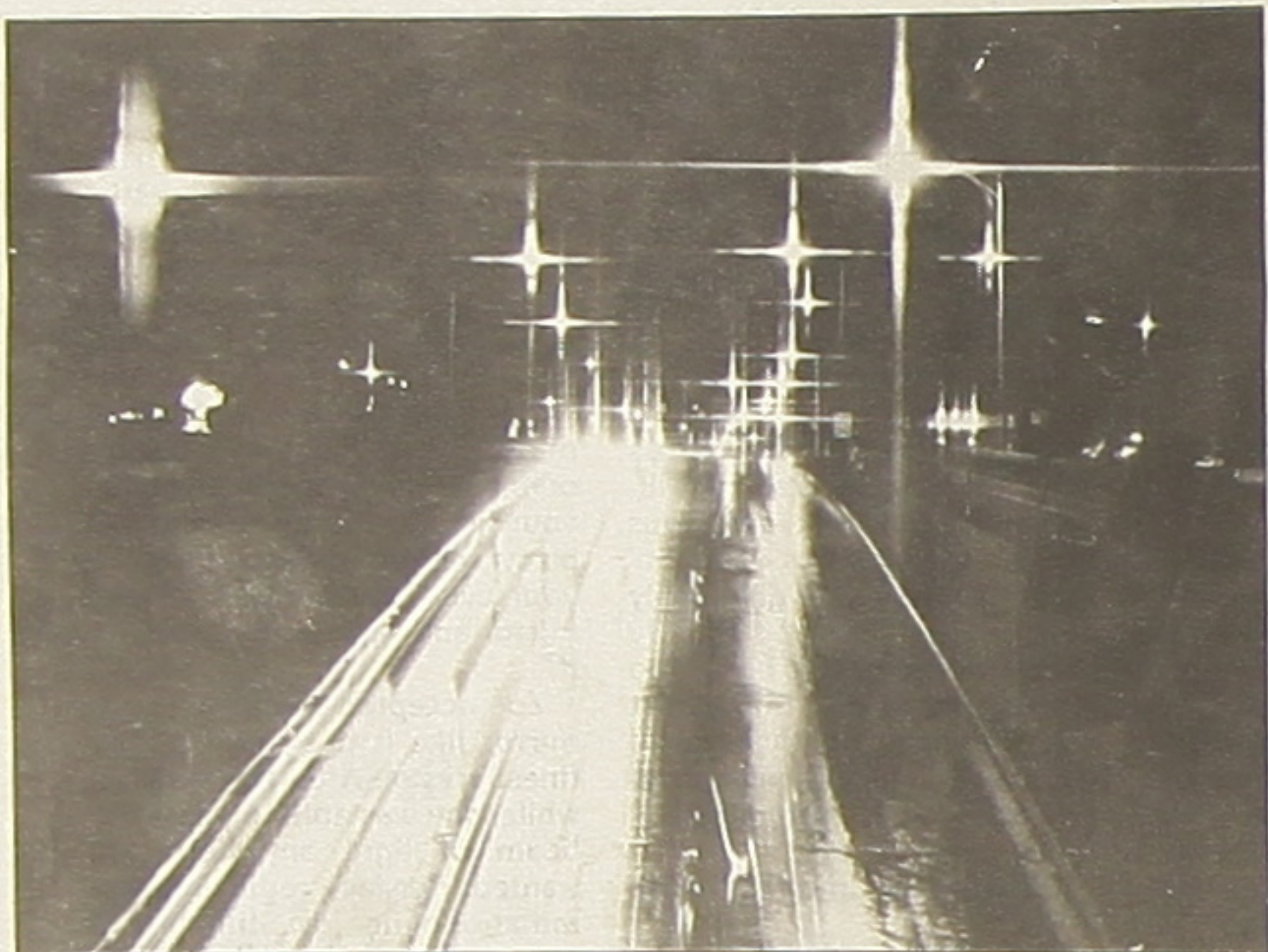
"Why sure, Zoe. You can drive that ole jalopy and me into town." "Into town" meant a bigger city a few miles down the highway from Alderson, West Virginia, where Zoe lived.

"Oh, I'd love to. Can I bring my little brother, too? He'd love to drive that car."

The old man sadly replied, "Sure, bring him, too. Now git on home afore ya git into trouble."

"Bye, Popeye," Zoe called as she ran towards home.

Zoe and John, her little brother, spent every Saturday of that spring at Popeye's house. Zoe's parents fought over her being with that old man but Zoe's mother said go ahead, since her father was sick and she didn't want him getting upset. The family suffered due to lack of money that spring, but Zoe and John didn't take much notice as they had Popeye, the town drunk, as their friend. He showed them all sorts of magical things.



Nick Coble

Mary Hanewinkel

